whose contents anyone would want. They unlocked the kitchen and the pantry but staff were always leaving them open anyway, despite the faded warnings on the doors, not to leave them "open and unattended." There was "pin money" in little yellow envelopes in amounts of one or two dollars in the filing cabinet in the office. It might have amounted to two hundred dollars. The cabinet also contained at least a week's worth of meds for each of the twenty schizophrenic tenants. It had no street value. If you were stupid enough to ingest it you would fall into a coma. Anyone could get into the office by kicking the door. Caspar kicked it all the time.

The cleaner used to forget to return his keys after work. We'd be short a set till he returned next week. I attached an enormous medallion, from a posh local athletic club, hoping he'd be reminded by its weight to remove them. He still took them home, though he must have looked conspicuous on the Thing Street car. Eventually the manager refused to loan him the keys at all. This was a great blow to his pride. He must have regarded the set of keys on its little ribbon as a chain of office like the Lord Mayor of London's, but smaller. In revenge he made more trips than usual, in and out of the office and the storage rooms. Each time I'd have to interrupt my supper preparations and go all the way upstairs and let him in. He wanted the keys back.

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